
Title: Yew War- First Battle

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Please see Part One
of this story.

I saw Grishnak
himself slicing men
in half with his axe
as the Orcs around
him laid into their
opponents with
filth-covered
cutlasses and
scimitars. As the rear
line of Yew's mages
saw the battle, they
began to cast all
manner of spells -
magic was thrown
about, stunning the
Orc forces and
dropping more than
one Stormreaver, but
the mages had never
counted on having
Orcs on ostards attack
them with full force.
Just as the Yew lines
broke and the fighting
settled down, the
Western wing of the
Stormreaver army
arrived, finding little
to do other than chase
down stragglers and
beat down the few
remaining members
of the Yew army. The
Orcs had won the day.

"Dere be other battles."
Grishnak said. "But
we win dis one! TO DA
FORT!" He shouted,
and a wacry arose
from the gathered
Orcs as they raised
their weapons and the
severed heads of their

enemies to the sky,
saluting Grishnak and
the bloodgod.

"Fur Grishnak and
duh bludgod!" they
shouted, as the mages
opened gates to the
fort.

The festivities at the
fort were amazing.
Food and ale flowed
like water, and I
helped myself to a bag
of ale as the Orcs
killed the ostars they
had been riding and
began to cook them.
But, my time there
was done. Just as I
was about to leave,
William Smit the IV
stopped me again.

"If the battles continue
in this manner -
which they will -
Yew will never be the
same." he said.

"I remember when
you were vice-mayor
of Yew." I said.
"Seems like a lot of
trouble to become
mayor, all this."

"Not mayor of Yew,
Garrett." He said.
"Mayors work for
Lord British. I work
for the Bludgod! And I
will be chieftain of
Grishnakopolis!"

"Sounds like a bad
tourist attraction." I
said.

"All humans will have
a place in
Grishnakopolis."
William said. "Some in
the mines, some on
our dinner tables!" and
with that he let out a
rather wicked laugh. I

felt it was time to
leave.

So this is the story of
how the Orcs won the
first battle of Yew,
after years of
planning to do so, this
is the culmination of
the dreams of the
Stormreavers. I can
only hope that the
citizens and guilds of
Yew will protect and
defend their city with
greater numbers in
the future.

Garrett Granth;
Guildmaster, Master
Author
Guardians of Lore